

NUMBER 323

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club

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club



CONTENTS

SHYLA RYDER

Workin overtime at the office just to give up that tight ass

ALENA

Anal for Alena is ass-ential

XXX ADVICE

Oral Satisfaction

ABELLA DANGER

Getting every bit of your load

VICTORIA PARADICE

Her hidden treasure is now revealed

FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

EVIE OLSEN

Warming up the neighbor's pipes

CHLOE AMOUR

Boyfriend intrusion goes so right





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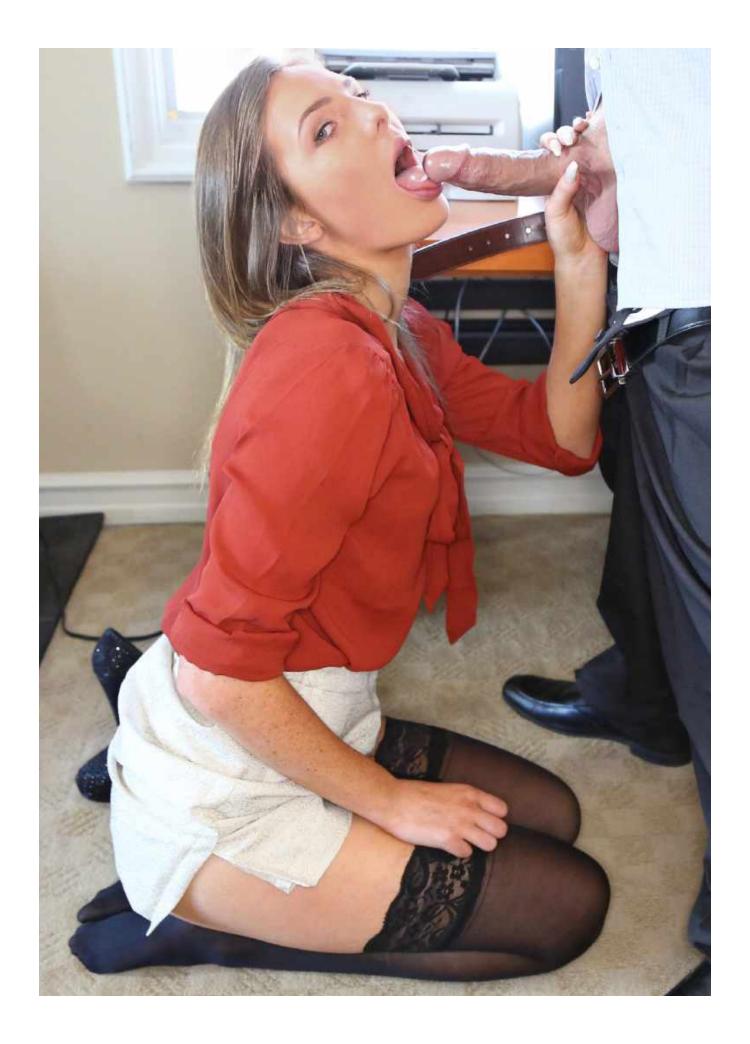






Shyla Ryder's been working as a secretary for only a few weeks, but she's the catch of the office and everyone knows it. She had to start working from home because she was just too distracting. Her boss now goes to her place for their weekly meetings. They've got a lot to cover from fitting into her tight schedule to getting a grip on his hard deadlines.





























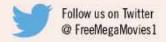








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INTIMATE THOUGHTS AND XXX ADVICE ORAL SATISFACTION How a love for oral sex and eating pussy makes for a happy marriage

Coming home from her Thursday afternoon book club gathering, Diane wheeled her little car into the driveway with the reckless abandon of a restaurant parking attendant. I knew she was angry the moment she entered the house. Her brown eyes were blazing when she stood in the center of the hallway and demanded, "What the hell was your car doing at the Seacrest Motel last Monday afternoon?"

Taking a deep breath, I put down my phone and tried to look innocent as I answered, "Honey, I don't think I've ever been to the Seacrest in my life!"

"Don't 'honey' me," she snapped. "Allie and Maryann from the book club both told me you were there!"

"It must have been someone else's car," I reasoned, closing

my eyes and bowing my head as if I were in thought. "What made them so sure it was mine?"

"There was a bundle of mail addressed to you, lying on the front seat!" Damn those nosy bitches, I thought. Knowing a good offense was my best defense, I jumped up out of my chair and growled, "What were they doing at the Seacrest?"

"That's not important," she retorted. "Who were you with?"

"What if I said I was with Allie and Maryann?" I pressed. Diane gave me a dirty laugh and shouted, "Then I'd say you were lying!"

She had me. There was no way out I'd taken our daughter's fifth-grade school teacher to the motel, and we hadn't discussed Peggy's progress in school. In

fact, I'd spent the afternoon getting the kind of sex I couldn't get at home. Diane wasn't into oral sex—but I loved it.

Just seeing a pretty set of painted lips always turns me on. And whenever I see a woman walking into the wind, with her dress pressed back against her body, I dream of getting my head between her legs. I love the taste, the smell, and the sight of pussy. Watching a woman walk in a tight pair of jeans gives me a hard-on. Their soft, round asses drive me wild.

"Yes," I reluctantly admitted. "I'd be lying if I said I was with either of them." Giving her a guilty grin, I added, "Not that I'd mind being with them, but last Monday I was with someone else."

"Who?" she demanded.

"Diane, I'm not going to tell you," I flatly declared.

"Then tell me why?" she angrily pleaded.

Not really knowing how to say it, I stalled for time. "Honey, I think you already know the answer to that question."

'Well, I don't," she snarled, "and unless you tell me, I'm going to assume that you've found someone you love more than me." There were tears in her eyes.

I'd hurt her; she had every right to be angry. We'd been married 10 years. I didn't love my daughter's teacher, I loved my wife. Having the teacher's full, soft lips around my cock, and her tongue licking my balls, wasn't the beginning and ending of everything in my life. It was Diane's mouth I really wanted to fuck, and my tongue hun-

gered for the depths of her tender vagina. But how could I tell her I wanted her to suck my cock?

Pointing at the chair I'd just left I said, "Please sit down and I'll try to explain."

"At last," she sighed, slipping past me and settling gracefully into the soft leather. The scent of her perfume and the sight of her legs were almost too much for me. Her pale pink lipstick looked moist and delicious. She crossed those long, slender legs and looked up at me. The open toes of her sling back pumps allowed me to mentally feed my fetish. I caressed her with my eyes and prepared to confess desires which I knew she'd consider perverted.

I sat down in front of her on the ottoman and locked her eyes in mine. "Diane," I began,



"you must understand that I love you and no one else. You mean more to me—"

"Then why did you go to the—?" she cut me off.

I held up my hand and stopped her. "Let me tell you in my own way. When I'm finished, you can ask all the questions you want. This isn't going to be easy for me, and questions will make it harder."

She leaned back and waited. My heart was pounding. I had to tell her as delicately as possible and still convey how fulfilling oral sex was for me. I didn't want to disgust her. Somehow, I had to make it acceptable to her.

"Honey," I began again, "for as long as I can remember, I've been enthralled by the female body. When we met, you created a love-hunger in me that no one else had ever been able to. The flare of your hips and the contours of your legs are exciting. Your breasts are works of art. I love your neck, mouth, nose, eyes and hair."

Her expression softened. "When I was a little boy," I continued, "no more than three or four years old, I used to watch my mother's friend dress and undress. She let me share the intimacy of her bedroom and bath. She stopped letting me watch when she discovered that it was making me excited. I was heartbroken. I wanted to be with her when she put on her stockings."

I paused and took a deep breath before going on. "Diane, I wanted to kiss my mother's friend's feet and legs. I didn't know what love was all about, but kissing I understood and I wanted to kiss every inch of her body." I paused again, trying to read my wife's expression for any sign of disgust. She remained silent, but a strange gleam was growing in her big brown eyes.

"As I grew older," I continued, "I began to see that same beauty in the girls around me. Their breasts were budding, and one day I made a delightful discovery."

Diane leaned forward with interest. "It was after school and my friend Nadine was at cheerleader practice. She was jump"What happened then?" my wife pressed.

"Nadine told me how she secretly watched her big brother masturbate. Just hearing her talk about it made me hard again. She pulled down my pants and played with me. I loved it. She kissed the head of my cock and licked it. All of a sudden, I felt like I was in heaven. I didn't know what was happening to me, but it was beautiful."

"Were you coming?" Diane eagerly asked.

ing her higher and higher. Every time she flew up into the air, I could look up and see her pink silk panties. After practice, she said she saw my cock got hard and saw the bulge in my pants. With soft, girlish laughter, she asked me if I ever jacked off. I didn't know what she meant, and on our way home, she took me to her secret place."

"Yes, for the first time in my life!" I exclaimed.

"Was she sucking you off?" I nodded.

"Did you like it?"

Again, I nodded, saying, "It was wonderful, but Nadine showed me something else; she showed me how to go down on her." Leaning back in the chair, Diane closed her eyes and softly

asked, "Did you like that too?"
"Oh, yes," I sighed.

"Is that why you went to the motel?" She opened her eyes. "Did you take someone there so you could eat her pussy?" I nodded.

"Did she suck your cock?"
"Yes."

"Did you fuck her?"

"No," I admitted. "That wasn't part of it at all."

Diane closed her eyes again. "If all you do is eat at the motel, why go at all?"

My big moment had arrived. Her question set the stage for me. If I gave her the right answer, she would understand what I was after. "Honey," I whispered, "if you'll properly 'feed me' at home, I'll never have to go again."

I watched a knowing smile creep across her lips. Through half-opened eyes, she looked at me with amusement. "Vin," she purred, "do you really want to eat me out?"

I almost screamed, but managed to control my voice as I told her, "That would be the answer to my prayers."

"Why haven't you said so before this?"

"I was afraid," I answered. "I didn't want you to think I was perverted."

Leaning forward, she reached out and took my

hand. "Baby," she cooed, "are you in for a big surprise. I've wanted your head between my legs for years, but I too have been afraid. All those times when you've been kissing, sucking and licking my breasts, I've wanted to grab your head and push it farther down.

I've gone to sleep at night wishing I could taste myself on







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your lips. I've wanted that gorgeous cock of yours in my mouth, but I didn't want you to think I was perverted!"

"Dear God," I groaned, "we've wasted so many years because of our foolish fear and pride."

Glancing at the living room clock, Diane observed, "Peggy's going over to Daphne's after school, and she's sleeping over." Giggling like a school girl herself, she suggestively added, "Should we make up for lost time?"

In the course of that evening and night, Diane and I learned

we both had fantasies that we'd been reluctant to share. She adored "swinging on the stick," as she called it. And to top it off, she discovered the beauty of cunnilingus at the urging of a sorority sister, and had always associated it with feminine love. Neither of them was really into lesbianism, but they both enjoyed a little girlish fun and relief after a date with the boys. They knew the guys jacked off while dreaming of them, so they went down on each other, dreaming of the

That night Diane learned that eating pussy was a very manly activity. Our newly discovered sexual honesty revealed a slightly kinky side to both our natures. Barb enjoyed the idea of dominating me and reveled in making me dress and undress her. In many respects,

this fulfilled some of my fantasies that went all the way back to my childhood, but my wife added a few special touches of her own.

Asking me to remove her pantyhose, she would say coyly, "Be a good little boy and show me how much you love me." Or, when I was on my knees, holding a pair of panties for her to step into, she might playfully scold, "You've been a very naughty boy. You haven't kissed my pussy yet!"

I also learned that I could trigger fantastic orgasms for her by being just a little rough sleep a wink all that night. Knowing that Peggy wasn't coming home until after school the following day, we spent almost 24 hours in orgasmic bliss. Nothing was too far-out for us to try.

I'll always remember the lucky day I was caught cheating, because from that day on my wife and I have grown closer and more in love. Our daughter has noticed the difference, and she too reflects the greater happiness of our home.

We no longer argue over small things. We still disagree from time to time, but we've learned to talk to each other and



instead of always being gentle. She loves being on top when we fuck, and when I pinch her nipples, she can come a dozen times before I do. If I nibble her clit, she'll flood my mouth with her delicious cum.

It's a good thing that I work from home, because we didn't express our needs and desires with love and understanding.

We recently hosted a celebration dinner for Allie, Maryann and their husbands. The ladies still don't know how important they've been in our lives, but Diane knows they'll never spot my car at the Seacrest again.



Abella is feeling dangerous and she's looking to suck someone's soul out of their cock. Once she gets that shaft in her mouth, she's blowing hard enough that her lips pop once she finally lets go. She'll only stop and let you fuck her if you absolutely beg her to. If that mouth has you gushing, then that sweet pussy of hers will have you exploding all over the place.

















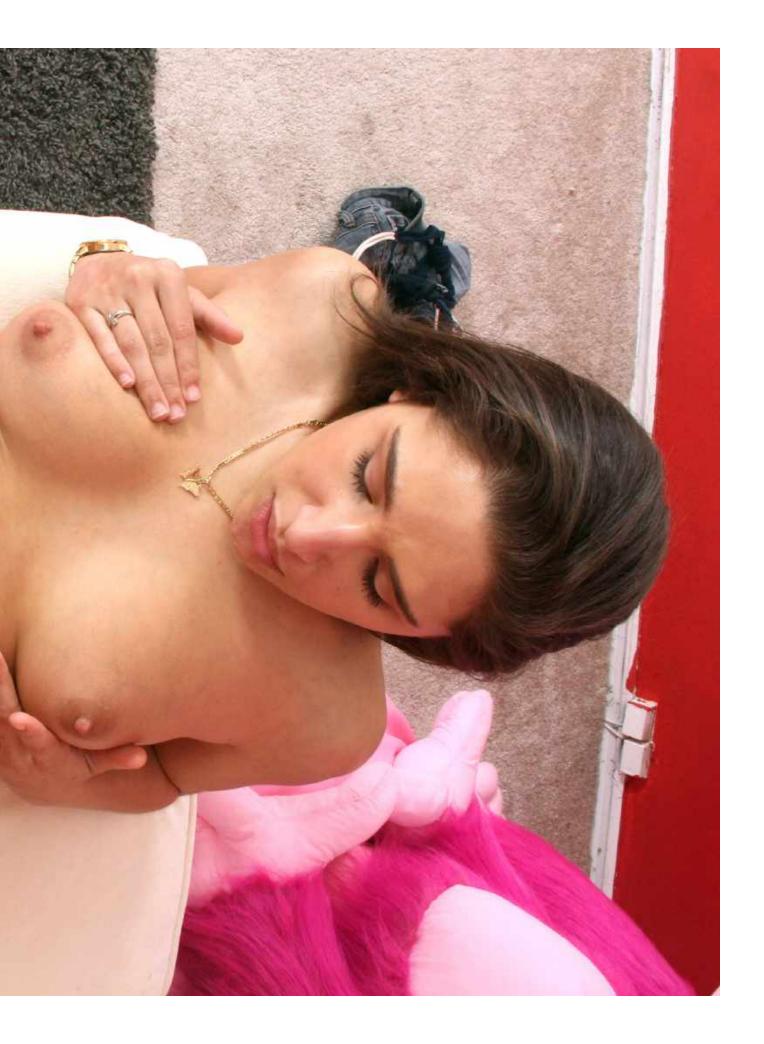




















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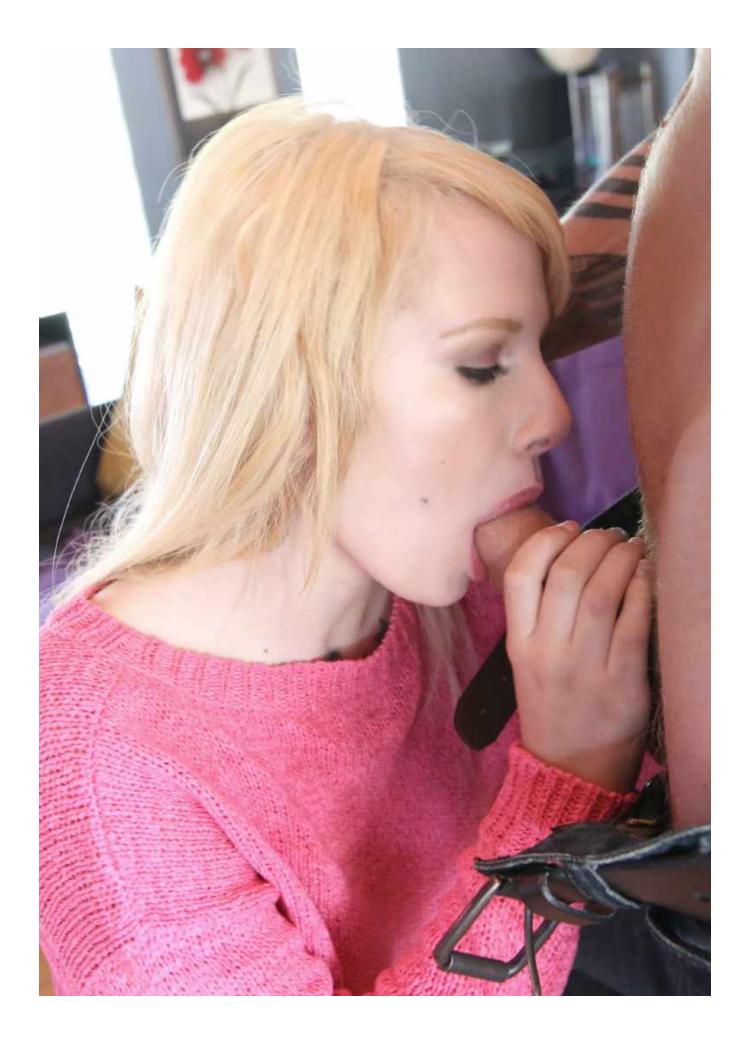






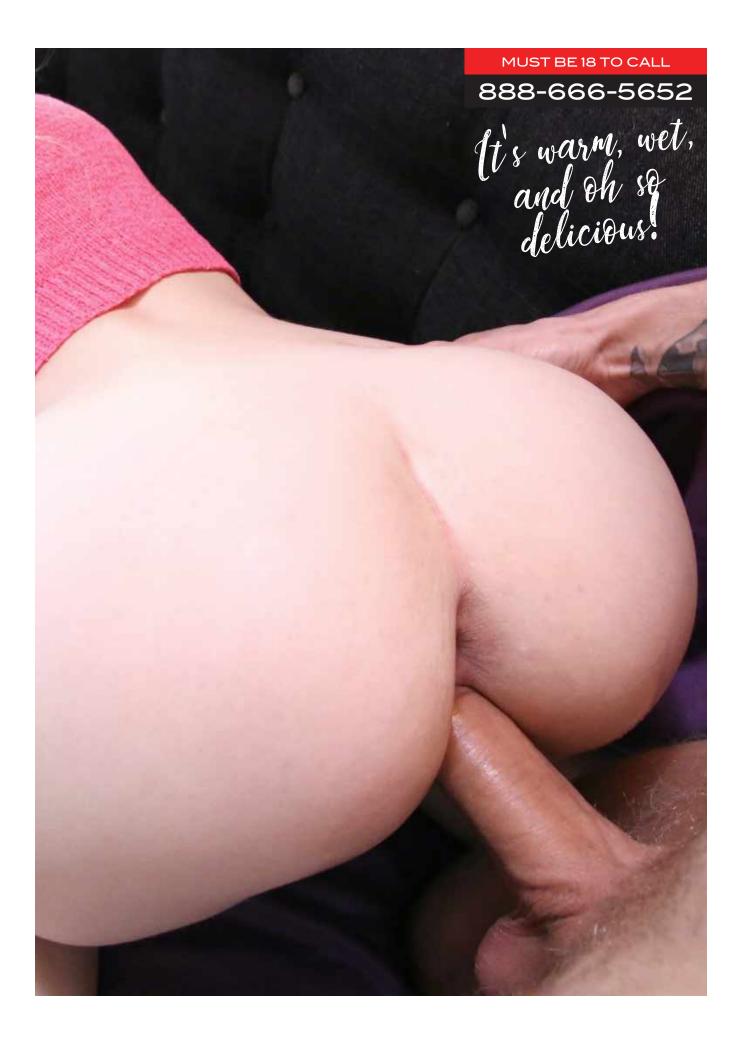


Victoria's got a pair of booty cakes that need a good frosting, and she's got just the man to do it. She's been baking all day, and her muffins are in need of a good buttering. The cherry pie she's been preparing is the kind you go face first into, and those cakes are so pretty when they're covered in her man's sticky white, frosting.











LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

THE TEACHER

So, my wife and I have been going through a rough patch. And lately, we've discovered that our daughter has been struggling in school, creating even more difficulties for us, especially when it got so bad that her teacher asked to speak with us.

I'll be the first to admit I wasn't looking forward to it, and my wife seemed to decide that it was all my fault before we ever got to the school for the meeting. It only got worse when I arrived five minutes late and my wife was already in the room laughing with our daughter's teacher, both going quiet the moment I walked in, with the teacher becoming serious and going into all the areas of concern she had.

At some point, her list just started to drag on and I started to zone out. I examined the posters on the walls, the things written on the board... and when I ran out of things to look at, my eyes drifted towards the teacher's enormous chest. I hadn't really paid attention before then, but it was an instant memory of checking out and gaping at my own hot teachers when I was growing up.

She was a little taller than average, with kind eyes that knew how to rule over a crowd. Her hair was long and raven-dark and with warm, olive flesh that seemed to shine in the classroom light. But it was at her chest that my attention lingered. She wore a tight blouse that accentuated her large boobs, but also didn't seem to be wearing anything else to guard them as they fell towards the table as she leaned forward, perky knobs appearing in her shirt where her nips would be.

My eyes must have lingered longer than I thought because my wife quickly elbowed me, summoning me out of my fantasy. But then, the fantasy shifted. The teacher seemed to have noticed as well, continuing to lean across the table, and giving both my wife and I a peak down her chest toward the goods. And that was when she asked us if there was any tension at home.

I could tell her eyes were locked on my wife's more than mine. She pulled back her long hair and gave us a better look, and I was more than a little surprised to see anything other than shock on my wife's face; she actually looked interested. The teacher

kept leaning forward, pressing her chest toward the table and pushing it up and out of her shirt. And that was when my wife leaned forward and gave the teacher a lingering, passionate kiss.

My own eyes went wide as my pants became instantly tight. I quickly adjusted, watching as the two of them stood up and moved around the table to continue making out. The teacher reached out a long finger and beckoned me to join them, which I didn't need to be told twice. I made my way around and joined in as both of their lips and tongues quickly met mine, drawing me in as they both started to remove their blouses.

I was right about the teacher not having any other protection, as the



goods just spilled out everywhere the moment she gave them air, and in moments, she was pressed against my wife, their boobs seeming to dance with one another, trying to find the best spots while being pressed against one another. That was when my wife reached to pull the teacher's skirt down, revealing a beautifully trimmed bush and hungry pussy.

My wife pushed her back against the table and went to her knees, starting to eat the teacher out and giving me a look that I'd have to take off my pants if I wanted in on the action.

Not wanting to be told twice, I quickly pulled off my jeans and let my thick, long, swollen member free at last. My wife took my













piece and started sucking it down, jacking me off in the moments that she switched between me and the teacher.

We started making out as my wife serviced us both with a fury and gusto that she hadn't displayed in ages. I transferred that fierceness to the teacher, kissing her with deep passion while my fingers found their way to play with her now exposed breasts. And in a few moments, I was aware of a new sensation. I had been so distracted that I didn't realize that my wife had lubed us both up and now slid the teacher down my rock hard shaft.

I'll admit, I almost blew my load the moment I noticed, but I held on, as least for a time. My wife, meanwhile, stood up and started to make out with the two of us again. Her nails grabbed our asses and made certain that I was pounding the teacher the way she wanted. I took her for a while before I lay the teacher down on the table and moved my wife next to her.

They started making out as I moved between them, a few deep, hard thrusts each, and then back to the other. It let me linger a bit longer, but eventually, I felt my balls starting to constrict and, with a glance at my wife, I moved to the teacher to finish up, flooding her with several helpings of my juice.

My wife made out with the teacher as I unloaded, then started to kiss down her chest and body, lingering on the breasts, before moving all the way down to clean up the teacher's wet pussy with a broad smile in what was the beginning of a beautiful shared friendship.

- Mr. & Mrs. L. Kemp, Boston

SECONDHAND CASTING COUCH

Call me an unimaginative cynic, but I've never believed in ghosts, never believed in haunted houses, Bigfoot, the Abominable Snowman, the Loch Ness Monster, telepathy and/or telekinesis. The stuff of kooks and charlatans, I always said.

Until a few weeks ago, at least; that's when I acquired the secondhand couch at an estate

sale in the Hollywood Hills. A fortuitous find, for sure, heralding my current hot streak with the ladies. My old threadbare sofa had brought me nothing but disappointment and dull nights.

I would bring a date back to my place, have her take a seat while I fixed the drinks, only to watch her get up after a few minutes, feed me a lame excuse as to why she had to leave, and walk out of my life forever.

Convinced that these women had been turned off by my modest apartment with its drab furnishings, I had embarked

on a mission to procure some interesting and lively pieces; hence the aforementioned couch I had been lucky enough to buy for a song.

I'm almost convinced that the thing possesses magical powers. My last date, having been seated all of five minutes, ripped off her clothes and spread her legs before I could even add a swizzle stick to her Gin Rickey. And she was just one of many. Not to brag, but I've been getting all kinds of pussy since adding the couch to my décor.

Not that I'm complaining.

Still, I am confounded by this sudden reversal of fortune.

Is it the couch? Or have I become inexplicably irresistible to women? I would like to believe the latter. Hell, any man would.

But something—a sixth sense, perhaps—leads me to believe otherwise. Seeking answers, I decided to consult a professional.

A simple internet search yielded a bevy of listings. The greater Los Angeles is rife with parapsy-

SHE AGREED TO COME TO MY HOUSE FOR AN INITIAL CONSULTATION.

chologists, palmists, and mediums. Big surprise, eh? I chose one at random, a psychic named Rose Devlin. She agreed to come to my apartment for an initial consultation. This was three days ago.

Now, having taken the afternoon off from work, I sat on the couch anxiously awaiting her arrival. Ms. Devlin was punctual. And quite the looker. Tall and gangly, she wore her raven hair long and parted in the middle. A single braid draped over her shoulder. A lightweight cotton dress, the same shade of brown as her lip gloss, clung to her lithe figure.

"This," she said by way of greeting, "is the couch?"

"That's it," I replied.

Ms. Devil approached the fur







nishing tentatively, scrutinizing it with a wary gaze. I stood out of the way, letting her do her thing, not even offering her a cold drink as I didn't want to interfere with her work.

"Oh!" she said, "I can feel it!"
"It?"

She took a seat, crossing her legs as she leaned back. Ms. Devlin closed her eyes. She took several deep breaths. I stood there against the wall watching her with rapt attention. Her eyes still closed, she said, "This couch belonged to a man, a very powerful man, one with the power to make or break a career . . . this Hollywood casting director took advantage of his position—"

"What are you say—"

"Actresses were more than willing to give him what he wanted . . . in exchange for parts . . . his career was long . . . there were hundreds . . . each encounter taking place right here . . . on this very couch . . . the casting couch."

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. If I understood correctly the couch had somehow absorbed the countless trysts between the casting director and those desperate starlets, absorbed them and acquired an awesome aphrodisiacal power!

It was nuts, sure; but she was the expert. Who was I to doubt the veracity of Ms. Devlin's claims? After all, the woman was a genuine psychic.

Thankfully this didn't make her immune to the couch's spell. This became evident when she started sighing and writhing sinuously, stroking the couch as if it were her beloved pooch. I had seen other women react in this very manner. A beautiful spectacle, indeed.

Ms. Devlin lowered the straps of her dress, letting her unrestrained tits pop free.

"Here we go again," I muttered.

Opening her eyes, she regard-

ed me hungrily and lay back, lifting the hem of her dress, higher and higher, until it was an inch above her hips. Ms. Devlin's white lace panties failed to contain an unruly black bush. She pushed the frilly fabric out of the

way and rubbed her hairy pussy.

"Thank the stars," I proclaimed, "for secondhand casting couches with supernatural powers."

"Shut up and fuck me," she uttered breathily.

"Yes, ma'am."

I got undressed, took a knee, and buried my face between her thighs. The psychic responded to my eager tongue, moving her hips rhythmically as I licked her wooly cunt. She was wet and panting, the one-two punch of the potent couch coupled with my ministrations making her feel sublime.

Having peeled the panties from Ms. Devlin's long legs, I pushed inside her hastily. Her pussy gripped my rigid member in its snug embrace. I thrust repeatedly, plowing her depths, piercing her core with frenetic iabs.

Her tits bounced and jiggled as I banged her, urging me to double my efforts; which I did, pushing her legs back and reaming her with everything I had. Her fingers clenched my ass, pushing me deeper inside her as our respective orgasms neared. It wasn't long before she gasped and shivered beneath me. Seconds later, I pulled out and blew my load all over her tits.

"What do I owe you?" I asked Ms. Devlin after we had gotten dressed.

She looked at me shrewdly.

"How about permission to write an article for a scholarly journal?"

"Article?"

"Of course. The paranormal community will be absolutely floored by this fascinating phe-



nomenon."

I thought it over. "Sure," I said, "go ahead and write your article. Just don't mention my name. Last thing I need is a bunch of nosy reporters snooping around my apartment."

"Deal," she said.

Her article was published six months later. As for me; well, I decided to write something about the couch as well—a letter to your sex magazine.

Hope you enjoyed it!

– Paul F., Hollywood

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Evie went to her new neighbor's place to help make him feel welcome, but she didn't think she'd be getting such a big warm welcome herself. As soon as he saw the absolute rockin' body she was packin', a real clever excuse would be necessary to get into it. Her perky tits, those round juicy cheeks, and that glorious pussy were like heaven.

















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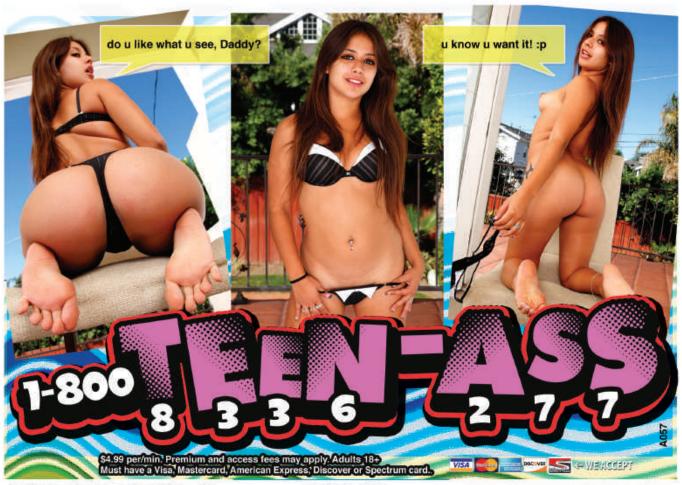
























Chloe was looking forward to a nice few hours alone with her butt plug, but her man came home early and saw her sexy body sprawled across the floor. Such a fit and supple body is hard to ignore and just has to be fucked. As beautiful as they are, her pretty pussy and beautiful bubble butt just look so much better with a dick in them.





















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